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THE LILLIPUTIAN WIDOW.

O Gentle Reader, this is

A

most intolerably foolish

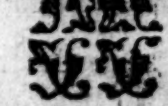
POEM

probably relating to some private story

Addrefs'd to the

CHESTER-LADIES.

and bound by IPA. in the Library of the Revd Mr Cullum



Rector of Freshwater. Isle of Wight
A.D. 1767.

LONDON,

Printed by *John Brown* in the *Strand*, 1729.

(Price, One Shilling)

THE

LILLIPUTIAN MUSE:

A

POEM

ADDRESSED TO THE

CHRISTIAN LADIES.

BRITISH MUSEUM

LONDON:

Printed by John Brett in the Strand, 1729.

(Price, One Shilling)

O *Ceſtrian Dames*, your humble Servant
Begs and entreats with Pray'rs moſt fervent,
You'd lend an Ear: Pray, Ladies, do,
Now while he's in a rhiming Cue.

I 'aſſure You, that I do not write,
To ſhew my Wit, or vent my Spight:
I neither fulſomely will flatter,
Nor dip my Pen in Gall of *Satyr*.
Who wou'd ſuch Innocence lampoon,
But ſome vile *Scoundrel* or *Paltroon*?
And as for praiſing of your Graces,
The Charms and Beauties of your Faces,
Thoſe ſparkling Eyes that raiſe Deſire,
And daily ſet Men's Hearts on Fire,

(Such Speeches, Metaphors and Fancies,
As Rhimers Young steal from Romances)
For me You're like to go without it,
I ne'er will vex my Pate about it.
O
What I design, is only this,
(Pardon me if I aim amiss)
To make you merry o'er your *Tea*,
Or pass a dull half Hour away.
I'll tell You no Fantastic Stories,
Of *Meins elve*, and *sparkling Glories*;
Nor, like a rhiming *Jack-Puddin*,
Make you believe that I have bin
Taking a Cup at *Helicon*,
(A Place I ne'er set Foot upon)
But inspir'd with *Cestrian* Ale,
I'll in *plain English* tell my Tale.
" What Tale, pray, is it that does so
" Make thy Goose Quill and Fancy flow?

'Tis

'Tis of a *buxom, amorous Widow*
That lives hard by, whom You and I know.
I'll tell you all her w——ton Arches,
Her Tranſports, Raptures, and Capriches.

Nay Ladies —— why d'you run away?
You need not fear what I ſhall ſay:
My Hide You may ſend to the Tanners,
If I do not obſerve good Manners.
I promiſe You, I will be modeſt,
For in rude Language there is no Jeſt.
The Virgins and the Matrons too
Without a Bluſh theſe Lines may view.
Well to my Story now ——.

Death knock'd at — — — — Door,
Some four or five Years ſince, or more.

Your Servant —— —— I am come
To ſummon you to your long Home.

Exeu

Excuſe me, Sir, for b'ing ſo free,
But 'tis the Deſtinies' Decree.
Tho' Mortals ſay, I have no Pity,
I'm ſorry to part Thee and Kitty:
I'd fain have ſtay'd a Year or two;
But oh the Fates! it will not do.
Make no Excuſes, quoth the ——,
To me thou'rt welcome, that's moſt certain:
Thou'lt free me from that Toil of Life,
A troubleſome and cr—ing Wife.
Much rather wou'd I chooſe a Grave,
Than tug here like a Gally-Slave.
——
And ſay you ſo, quoth Maſter Death?
Then inſtantly I'll ſtop your Breath:
Wi' that, he cut his Thread of Life,
As Folks cut Pack-thread with a Knife:
He droops his Head, his Soul expires,
And joyfully to *Styx* retires. Poor

Poor *Cath'rine* now is left alone
The Loſs of her Dear Spouſe to moan.
An hundred Tongues wou'd be too few,
To tell the Grief that did enſue.
How did She beat her Breaſt and tear
With furious Hands, her *hoary* Hair!
No *vol'tile Bottle* cou'd recover
The Heart of this diſcons'late Lover.
For Twelve long Months ſhe kept her Chamber
Nor found relief from *Nants* or *Amber*.
The Sight of *Man* She cou'd not bear;
'T did ſo remind her of her *Dear*.

But, O my Muſe, how wilt thou tell
The Change ſurprizing that befell?
She who To-day is full of Sorrow,
With Rapture is o'er whelm'd To-morrow:
Not long ſince ſad; now wondrous merry,
She revels and ſhe ſings *down derry*.

One while she rhimes, one while rehearses
Old scraps of Plays, and am'rous Verses:
Her Spouse forgot, and Grief all over,
She's now become the fondest Lover.
For *Man* she raves, she frets and pines,
And to the God of Love thus whines;
Cupid, she cries, *Oh! hear my Pray'rs*;
Pity my Groans, my Sighs and Tears:
Thy burning Darts do so enflame me,
That nothing but, — *I find will tame me.*
As if I Philters *swallow'd had,*
I'm ev'ry Day stark staring mad
For each Tall Fellow *that I see*;
And yet thou mak'st not one love me.
Oh! hasten hither now, or never;
Or else ——— ——— ———

The God came down, and, *Mrs. Kate*,
Cries he, *why so importunate?* *What!*

What! doſt thou talk of a new Lover,

When as a Badger grey all over?

Thou'dſt better feed on Water-Gruel,

And to thy Fire add no more Fewel:

For truly Raptures of the Blood

Riſe in Proportion to Folk's Food.

But if thou art reſolv'd *to wed,*

And take a Second Spouſe to Bed;

What think'ſt thou of 'Squire John? *he'll ſuit:*

Hah *Kate?* — *how now, Child! why ſo mute?*

'Tis true he's old; but then he's gay,

Still Toying loves, & Cætera.

That moſt renowned Operator,

Of Limbs and Strength the Renovator,

Or in plain Terms that Surgeon,

Jack Chiſle *(what d'you call him?)* -ton

Has, I aſſure you, with his rare Tricks,

Opthalmicks wondrous

So clear'd his Sight, *and quicken'd* Vigour,
That he's as active now as ever.

That **OVERTURES to any One*
He ever made, I own there's none
Can juſtly ſay: for they're to blame,
Who whilom did report the ſame.
Yet OVERTURES *to him if made*
By thee, how can he e'er evade?
By thee, *thou amiable* Kitty,
Who ſo engaging art, and witty?
Take my Advice then, write a Letter;
The ſooner it is done, the better:
This Moment then take Pen and Ink,
Nor ever once upon it think;
For, if you think before you write,
By this my Bow —— *you'll ſpoil it quite.*

With-

With that (for Gods obſerve good Manners)
Obſequious *Cupid* made his Honours,
And out he flew, leaving old *Kate*
On what h'had ſaid to ruminate:
All which did in her Mind ſo run,
That ſhe was mad till it was done.
Little ſhe thought that what he ſpoke,
Was all a Banter and a Joke;
For his Deſign, as Story tells,
Was to divert the *Ceſtrian Belles*.
Unlucky Boy! he'd make them Sport,
And poor old *Mumpſimus* pays for't!

And cou'd'ſt thou, *Kate*, be ſuch a Fool,
T' expoſe thy ſelf to Ridicule?
How cou'dſt thou *Cupid* e'er believe?
Cupid accuſtom'd to deceive?
Cou'd not thy Friends, O Woman frail,
With their Advice on thee prevail,

To conquer that fond Inclination,
And to preſerve thy Reputation?
No —— *Cupid* had ſo work'd upon her,
That ſpight of Friends, of Fame and Honour,
She ſtraight with vig'rous Reſolution
Put his Advice in Execution;
And for want truly of a better,
She wrote 'Squire *John* the following Letter.

Lilliputian *Kate* to King *John*.

Cloſe by the River Dee *there lies a Wood* *
Well ſtock'd with Deer *both bad and good*;
And juſt without the Eaſtern Gate,
There lives a King new made by Kate.
And ſhe to pleaſe him very well,
Six Maids ſhe gives him for to dwell;
All Bettys, *yet not of* Bedlam Flock,
But Maids of Honour, all of ſober Stock. *And*

* Cheſter.

And Forty more there is deſire him,

But Forty to that, *he ſays, ſhan't fire him.*

That ſingle One who he will chooſe for Queen,

That happy She *he has not ſeen.*

He's general to all, will marry none:

This is what's ſaid of Kate's King John.

To grace his Court no other Name dare enter;

But Lilliputian Kate *ſays, She will Venture.*

Why not? for ſure King John, *he will not eat her up,*

But give her Tea, Coffee, or what ſhe likes to Sup:

And ſhew her many a fine *and* uſeful Thing

Invented by her Wiſe, Ingenious King.

And ſhe can't look on all as fooliſh Toys;

But fix her Mind on Endleſs Joys.

This Letter to 'Squire *John* was carried,

(Pity 't had been had it miſcarried!)

And

Who read it three or four Times o'er,
For he has Patience in great Store;
And having pump'd up all his Wit,
(As of Sir *Hudibras* 'tis writ)
Thrice ſhook his Head, and thrice did whiſtle,
And then wrote *Cath'rine* this Epiſtle.

King *John*'s Anſwer to Lilliputian *Kate.*

O Muſes, one of You come down,
And for this once aſſiſt poor *John*;
I never troubled You before,
And ne'er deſign to do it more.

Madam,
Your Verſes I receiv'd,
Which are, if I may be believ'd,
Not like your Metaphoric Wood
Well ſtock'd with Deer both *bad* and *good*,

But

But *all alike*, as Poems ſhou'd be,
If th' Author celebrated wou'd be.

Two Months ago I had your Letter,
And own I have been long your Debtor;
For not a Muſe untill this Minute,
Wou'd lend a Hand —— that's all that's in it.
Now, ſince I find you like not *Proſe*,
Then have at *Verſes* —— and here goes.

Pray what *Fine Thing* have I to ſhow,
With which my Dear's enamour'd ſo?
Is it a Coach and Six that twitches,
And fills thy Soul with am'rous Itches?
Or are fine Roofs and ſhining Spires
The Objects of thy fond Deſires?
Is it for O —— that You ſigh,
Write Verſes, languiſh, pine and die?
No —— this is not what thou'dſt be at,
That makes thee rhime at ſuch a Rate.

It is —— *hold, John, don't name the Reſt* ——
That thus enflames thy troubled Breaſt.
Bleſs us! how this ſame Whipſter *Cupid*
Makes Folks grow daring, wild and ſtupid,
Makes *Kate* ambitious of a *Court*,
And long at Sixty for the Sp—rt,
Gives her ſuch Courage that ſhe'll *Venture*,
Where ne'er another Name dare enter!

But Kate, *to pleaſe* John *very well*,
Six Maids will give him for to dwell.

I cannot think what thy deſign is
In this thy unrequeſted Kindneſs:
I'm ſure they ne'er can raiſe my Love,
Or e'er my feeble Paſſions move.
Nay *Forty* Maids, to tell thee true,
And *Forty* more *to that* won't do.
Nor brighteſt Eyes, nor fondeſt Kiſſes,
Toying, Embracing and ſuch Bliſſes,

Nor even thy *ſmooth flowing* Lines,
Thy *well-knit Senſe* and *tuneful* Rhimes,
Can ever raiſe my *drooping* Nature,
Or put new Life into *dead* Matter.
Why ſhou'd I make thee then my Bride,
To lye *unheeded* by my Side?
But were my Appetite as eager,
As erſt it was for *Venus'* Pleaſure,
Faith! I ſhou'd be for *blooming* Charms;
I'd take a *Young One* to my Arms.
Can *hoary Hairs* raiſe gay Deſire?
Can *ſhiv'ring Age* e'er fan Love's Fire?
No, No, fond *Cath'rine*; Cupid ſeeks
A better Seat, and younger Cheeks:
In ſweet *Miranda's* Face he lies,
And fondly wantons in her Eyes.

She wou'd (if any) *John* Inſpire
With melting Thoughts and warm Deſire?
But an *old wither'd Phyz*, you G——*oose*,
Can never draw me into th' Nooſe:
Nor can it ſink into my Pate,
That any'll hug ſo *ſtale* a Mate;
Unleſs thy *better Part*, *thy Riches*
Firſt his enamour'd Soul bewitches.
Inanimate Antiquities
Your Virtuoſoes highly prize:
But I ne'er heard that *Living Ones*
Were valu'd more than *common Stones*.
For Reaſons ſuch as theſe, *my Honey*,
I cannot think of *Matrimony*.

I was at firſt in great Confuſion
About thy much admir'd Concluſion;

After a long Love-sick Complaint,
Thou endest like a pious Saint,
Of *Boundless Joys* thou mak'st a Pother;
In *this* World are they, or the *other*?
For by thy Manner of expressing,
There is no certain way of guessing.
But howsoe'er I *smell a Rat*;
I 'gad! I've hit upon it Pat:
Since *here* thy Fill thou can'st not have,
Thou hast still Hopes beyond the *Grave*.

If *that* be true which *Holy Men*
Have told us oe'r and o'er again,
That each *prevailing* Inclination
Goes with us after Separation,
That those Desires we had *alive*
Will surely *after Death* Survive;

Then *well* I know, when from this World,
Hope of my Life, thou ſhalt be hutl'd,
For thee there can be no true Joys,
Unleſs in *Mah'met's Paradiſe*.
This Place (as Reverend *Mufti's* preach)
If ever, *Cath'rine*, thou can'ſt reach;
There thou may'ſt have thoſe long'd for Bliſſes,
An Immortality of *Kiſſes*;
There thou in ſome delightful Grove
May'ſt quaff Eternal Draughts of Love.

And now perhaps You'll ſay I'm rude,
And on your Patience do intrude;
But yet before I take my Leave,
A Word or two more I muſt have.

Methinks I ſee thee at Scrutoir
Turning thy *Atalantis* o'er;

While *Spectacles* help thy dim Sight,
And Mrs. *Manley* does excite
And whet thy wanton Appetite.
Or if the Muses fire thy Blood,
And put thee in *Poetic Mood*;
In mournful Numbers thou giv'st Vent
To inward Grief and Languishment.
A Sight like this wou'd really make
A *Stoic* both his Sides to crack
One Foot in th' Grave! one Hand inditing
Bill't Doux, and am'rous Sonnets Writing!
Art thou bewitcht, thus to expose
Thy self to all, both Friends and Foes?
There's not a Soul in all the Town,
To whom thy Folly is not known,

A Friendly Visit when I pay,

(As *many* a One I do each Day)

All that I hear is, —— *well, Squire John,*

How go you and the Widow on?

And then the only Chat o'er Tea,

Is *Kate* of *Lilliputia.*

Nay th' very *Cobler* in his Stall,

Who there was only us'd to bawl

" God prosper long our Noble King,

Does now the *Lilliputian* sing.

In this sad Case, the only way

To stop Folk's Mouths (as one may say)

And prove that thou hast cool'd thy Metal,

Is, thy Estate forthwith to settle.

Settle? on whom? why, on thy Daughter:

And then I will be bound, hereafter

That not one Word more shall be said,
How *Kate* by *Cupid* was milled.

It is not long but thou must go
To Realms of Death and Shades below;
And better far, I think, a *Tomb*,
Than *Nuptial Couch* wou'd thee become.

Take my Advice then and give o'er;
Forbear and Toy in Love no more:
Leave off thy Fondling and thy Whining,
Thy Transports, Raptures and thy Rhiming:
Bid Farewel to Poetic Rapture;
'Twere better far to read a *Chapter*;
Or Dr. *Sherlock upon Death*,
A very proper Book i'Faith,
For one just gasping her last Breath!

P. S.

Tho' a whole Sheet I have almoſt writ,
I can't conclude without a Poſtſcript.
What Whim is this, Child, what ſtrange Notion
That fills thy Pate with my Promotion?
'*Squire John made King*? a pretty Joke!
But 'tis not ſo ſoon *done* as *ſpoke*.
To tell thee Truth, I won't accept it;
Tho' 'tis a *Crown*, I muſt reject it.
Wou'dſt thou old *Nixon*'s Prophecy
In thy Dear *Johnny* verify?
At my own *Gate* wou'dſt have me Swing,
For taking on me th' Name of *King*?
I thank thee kindly for the Favour;
But *proffer'd Sevice* has ill Savour:
I've no Ambition to riſe higher
Than plain *John* —— —— —— Eſquire

F I N I S.